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THE BEAT



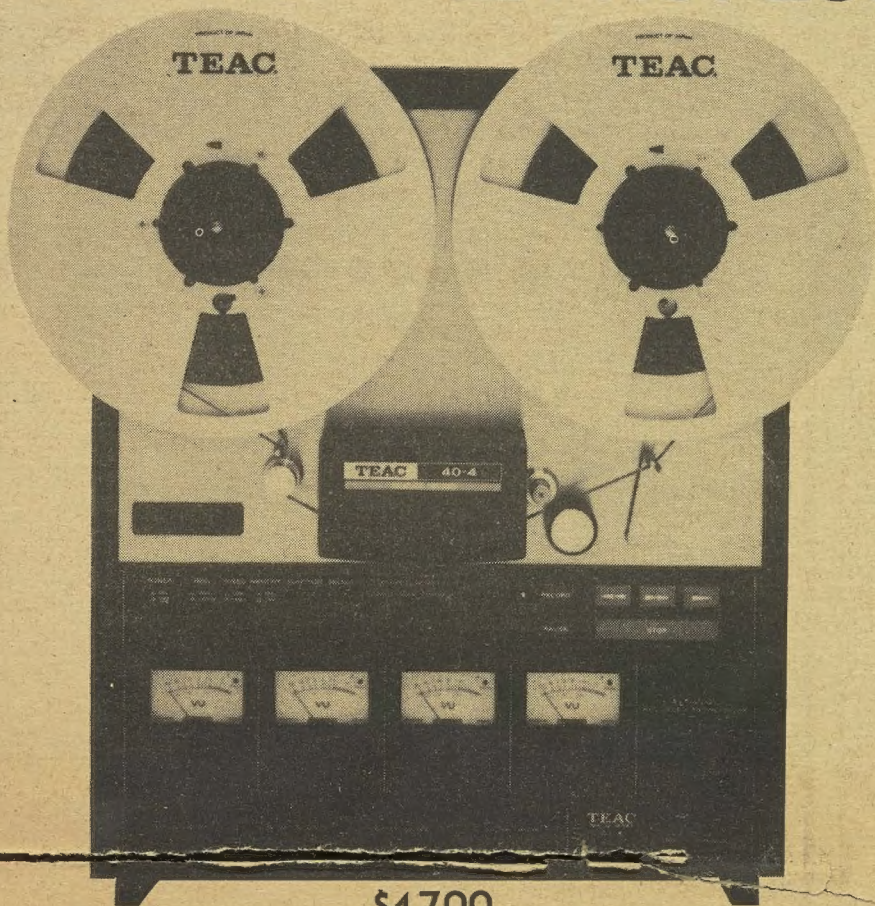
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SPECIAL BIRTHDAY ISSUE



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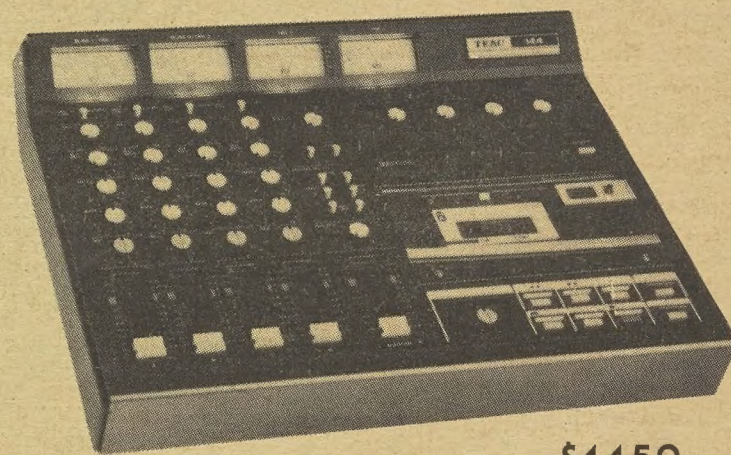
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Vol.3

No.1

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Photo of Van Wilks by Robbin Cresswell

Photo of The Beat by Clyde Kimsey

FAN MAIL

BLACKMAIL

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I think *It's Only Rock'N'Roll* is a great 'little' newspaper. It's very informative and entertaining. You must have a great team of people working together. Part one and two of the Rush review was great. Rock and roll always!

Jackie Phillips/S.A.

(Yeah, that's us. The 'little' paper with the big voice. I'll tell the rest of the staff your message since none of them can read. You know these rock-'n'-rollers. — Ed.)

About the Rush interview, it was zzzzzzzzzzz. I respect that group's craftsmanship but I'm not embarrassed to say they don't excite me. I've given Rush three chances at concerts to see what the masses were talking about but was very disappointed. They struck out.

Speaking of interviews, is Clyde Kimsey trying to get revenge at J. Geils for not talking to him by giving

them a bad album review? If Peter Wolf couldn't talk to you why didn't you speak with another member?

"the wise guy"

Dominici Van Zandt/S.A.

(Wha-wha-what? Sorry, I just woke up. What Rush interview? As far as Clyde's review goes even he regrets it after he saw them again in concert. But since Wolf is the band spokesman we simply had no other choice in the matter. — Ed.)

Thanks for the write-up about Sharon Tate's Baby in your April ish. Not all of our songs are about mutilated people. Some are about ordinary everyday existence — just like other rock'n'roll songs. Safe as mama's milk.

Chris Wing/

Sharon Tate's Baby/Austin

(By the way have you seen our new Austin reporter John Branhall? I haven't heard from him since he did that story on you guys. — Ed.) RNR

About Bootlegs

To Dusty David — Boy, I'm sure glad you had that article on the dos and don'ts of unauthorized vinyl. Why, it must have taken you about 4 months to research all that information. And to fit it all into about 2 columns, fantastic Dave!

Everything I wanted to know about over-self-indulgence from little piggies. Thanks for the help — fool! Long John/S.A.
Dear Long John:

You didn't ask for do's and don'ts; you were complaining about prices and I wrote about them. Once again, if you don't like Rick's prices, go see Monte, or vice versa, or buy through the mail. Or go into business for yourself.

As for fidelity, quality and rarity, it varies from album to album. I can't generalize about that. If you've got a list of those, send it to me. Sincerely,
Dusty David

WHERE TO FIND US

Austin	San Antonio	House of Jeans	River City Music
Armadillo	Apple Records	High Times	Razzle Dazzle
HalfPrice Books	Below The Belt	Incarnate Word College	San Antonio College
Inner Sanctum	Caldwell Music	Johnny B. Goodes	Skipwilly's
Raul's	Crystal Pistol	Joskes (Alamo Plaza)	Sound Warehouse (all)
Record Town	Dyer Electronics	Musicland (all)	Sound Idea
San Marcos	Custom Hi-Fi	Pro Musician	Sterling Sound Warehouse
Discovery Records	Willy's Guitar Player	Recordland	St. Mary's University
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IT'S ONLY ROCK'N'ROLL

BACK COPIES

Now is your chance to get any back issues of IT'S ONLY ROCK'N'ROLL that you might have missed. Besides articles and interviews, each issue is filled with action concert photos, record reviews and more. Each back issue is .50¢ each. Please check below the issue(s) you want.



#10-Steve Martin, Godz, Ramones, Kiss



#17-Jo "King" Carrasco, Rockpile, B-52's, Garland Jeffreys



#20-ZZ Top, '79 Opinion Poll, Kenny Loggins, Pat Metheny



#4-Patti Smith, Nick Lowe Part II, Vince Vance and the Valiants



#11-Judas Priest, Police, Rush, Angel, John Cale



#18 - Riot, Axe, Crazy Cavan, Will Beeley



#21-Rush Pt. 1, B.B. King, Rick Derringer



#5-AC/DC, Yesterday & Today, Patti Smith Pt. 2



#16-Battle of Band, DEVO, Bruford



#19 - Scorpions, Ramones, Roky Erikson, Point Blank



#22 - Christopher Cross, John Cale, Rush pt. 2

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US!



Photo by Sharon Hooper

Over the past two years *It's Only Rock 'N' Roll* has rolled through some rocky times. We've covered a lot of music in 23 issues; everyone from Elvis Presley to Elvis Costello and from Rush to Riot. We've tried (and I feel we've succeeded) to educate San Antonio about new wave music in all its various forms in order to show that rock 'n' roll is more than Van Halen. We've also lent our support to local and area bands like Joe 'King' Carrasco, the Next and Messenger. Hopefully we'll be able to cover more local bands in the future issues.

At this point I'd like to thank all the advertisers who have helped support *IORNR* in our two-year existence, especially our regulars. (Please support them!) I'd also like to thank all the record companies and their reps who have helped us with concert tickets, promo records, etc. — CBS/Epic, RCA, A&M, IRS, Polydor/Mercury, Sire, Capitol, Arista, Solid Smoke, Alligator, WEA.

Thanks

to the Armadillo, the people at UT Special Events Center, Spotlight Productions, Skip Welles of Skip-willy's and Don Lee of the Razzle Dazzle.

I can't say enough about our great staff of writers and photographers who have other jobs and do this just for a byline and a chance to mouth-off, or who are journalism students who do it for the experience and free records.

I'd like to extend my sincere thanks to my oldest and dearest friend Ken Banning who has done the layout for the last 14 issues and who has helped give us a more professional look.

As for the general public — thank you. Please write to us more often. We need something in return for our service.

I hope we can continue to put out this *free* monthly rockzine. I hope it will continue to grow in size as it has in quality, but that's up to the advertiser. By the way, we need a good ad salesperson, call 732-8347.

Editor & Publisher, Ron Young
P.S.: Thank you Birdie!

JORGE SANTANA—NOT CARLOS

by Clyde Kimsey

At 17, Jorge Santana (Carlos' younger brother) formed Malo. Their unique Latin-rock sound gave them four albums and several hit singles, including "Suaverito". The band was started in 1970 but broke up in '74 due to managerial problems. After the breakup, Jorge lived with his famous sibling for two years. He played with several local San Francisco bands as well as doing extensive practice at home with Carlos. Jorge re-entered music professionally as a member of a touring salsa orchestra called the Fania All Stars.

He formed his present band in the summer of 1978 which consists of himself on lead guitar, Jay McKinnon on lead vocals, Kincaid Miller on keyboards, Edward "Yogi" Newman on percussion, Roger Reid on drums, and John Thompson on bass. All members have played in various Bay-area bands with the exception of Reid who is from Shreveport, La.

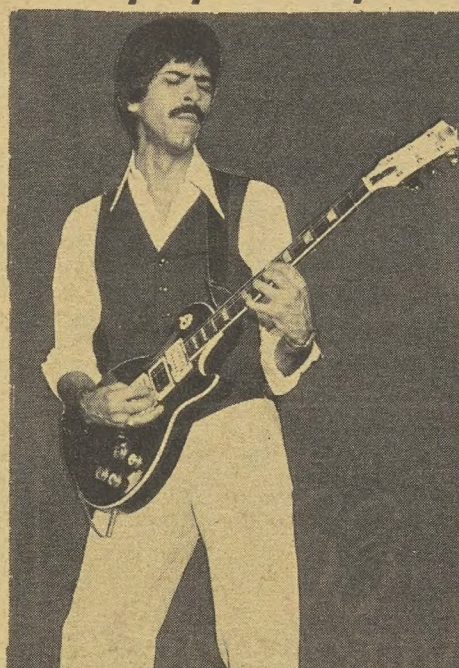
The new Jorge Santana band has two albums out on the Tomato label and were in S.A. in February to play a string of concert dates at *Johnny B. Goodes*, one of the city's better rock clubs. We got a chance to speak with Carlos after their first show.

RNR: First, a little past history. Why did Malo break up?

Jorge: It was my choice. Malo was the name of the band and everybody thought it was my name. Also, with this band I get to express myself more. I needed a change. With Malo's 10-piece band and stage crew, touring was expensive. My present touring crew is much smaller. If I really felt I needed the sound of Malo I would put such a band together. But the kind of material I'm writing now is more contemporary.

RNR: How did the present group come together?

Jorge: The first band was started in 1978 and played on our first Lp which was released in December of



by Clyde Kimsey

that year. The present lineup played on our latest Lp entitled *It's All About Love* done in December. The fact that I have to change musicians doesn't conflict with my directions. I know what I want as far as musicians go. Since I hadn't worked for four years before this band, I want everybody to know that I have a new band with a new sound.

RNR: How would you describe your brand of music?

Jorge: Good listening danceable jazz/pop.

RNR: Have you had any trouble with people comparing you with Carlos?

Jorge: Yes, all the time. It always comes up but it doesn't bother me a bit because it gives me a chance to explain my position. It's only right that we should be compared since we are brothers and both guitarists. There's nothing negative about the comparison. The thing you have to understand is that I'm not living up to his name but to my own talent.

RNR: Besides Carlos what other guitarists have influenced you?

Jorge: Jeff Beck, the rock acts such as Journey and Wings, and Eric Blue as well as several other Los Angeles jazz guitarists. **RNR**



COME BACK ELVIS!

Elvis Costello's manager, Jake Riviera, was in Alamo City for Fiesta Week. He was on a brief holiday while Elvis was touring Germany. Riviera, who also manages Nick Lowe and Dave Edmunds, said he was in Texas because it was one of the few places he and El liked when touring the U.S.

As for Elvis himself, he won't be touring the U.S. "ever again" because of the infamous Bonnie Bramlett incident in which our hero traded verbal abuses with the better half of the old group Delaney & Bonnie.

"Elvis works too hard," Riviera said, "and he doesn't need the kind of harassment from the press that he got. When he tried to explain it all it only got worse. He won't be coming back unless he could play Happy, Texas," Jake laughed, having a play on the title of EC's new Lp *Get Happy*.

Later that week Riviera was supposed to go to Austin for a bar-b-que with the Fabulous Thunderbirds. As far as Elvis and Nick Lowe building a studio in Austin and using it as a U.S. base as we reported in *IORNR* #3, June '78 — the Elvis cover — Jake said, "Elvis changes his mind like the wind changes direction. It was an idea at the time because he and Nick both liked Austin. But it's not on." **RNR**



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URANIUM SAVAGES MELTDOWN

by Pat Kelly

The elusive spirit of rock 'n' roll is alive and well in Texas.

It is embodied in the hearts, minds and music of 11 viciously witty and dangerously brazen Austin-based performers known as the Uranium Savages.

The Savages surfaced in San Antonio March 29 to rock and shock an unsuspecting audience at Skip-willy's.

It was the group's first S.A. appearance in more than three years and those who witnessed the depraved spectacle may need an additional three years to comprehend just what in the name of God and decency the show is all about.

Lashing out at hypocrisy with irreverent comedy and music is as time worn as the tits on granny's chest — and for the most part, every bit as useless.

But a Savage performance is guaranteed to offend, unnerve or unhinge any concerned citizen within earshot — even those who consider themselves "good sports."

The Savages rip their favorite sacred cows with a ruthless determination that would shame a marauding pack of rapid dingos.

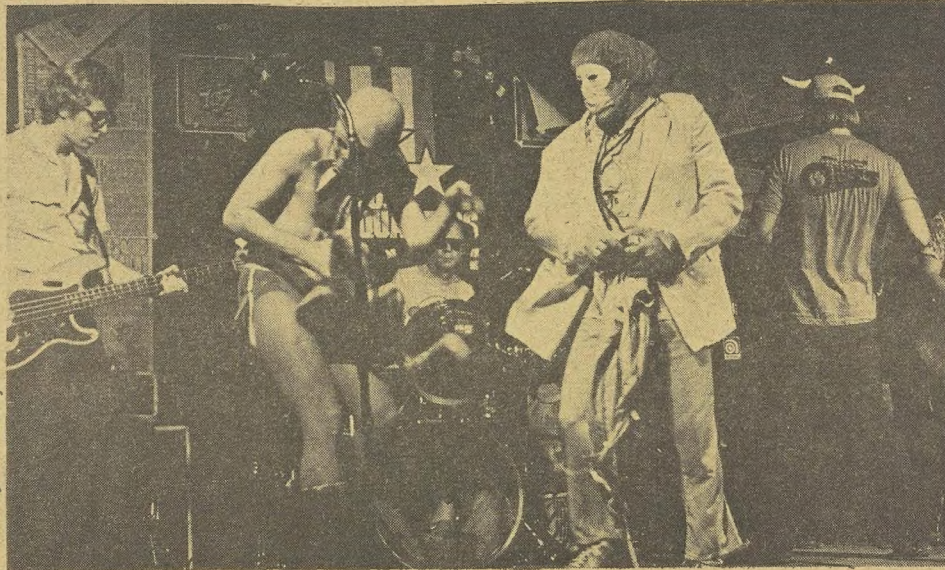


Photo by Pat Kelly

Some of their more mundane musical parodies were leveled at the PTL Club (pass the liquor) and the Houston police department: "Goodbye Joe (Campos Torres), you gotta go for a swim-o. It'll be rough with the cuffs, me-oh-my-o."

Personalities ranging from Barry Manilow to Idi Amin were dethroned, defrocked and defamed with extreme prejudice.

Kerry Awn, lead singer and the mind responsible for most of the group's material, led fellow Savages D. Dryden Arnsberger, Bill Ellison and special Savage security officers, Artly Anuf and Rick Turner, through the frenzied 3-hour per-

formance. The show seems designed to determine who would snap first — the audience or the band.

These five costume-swapping, booze-chugging, glass-breaking, chair-throwing singer/comedians were egged on by the talented six-piece Savages band. Drummer Pat Hargadon, bassist Trace Ordiway and rhythm guitarist Jesse Gregg stayed on top of the rhythm as Dave Dyess, keyboards; Kent Temple, lead guitarist; and David Perkoff, woodwinds/flute/sax added remarkable range to the music.

The band can really rock and their music roamed from demented

country-western to balls-out punk and beyond.

The virtuosity of these six musicians is probably one of the main reasons why Arnsberger, Awn and Ellison can get away with the crazy shit they pull. Harassing a San Antonio audience with anything less than an excellent band for a backup would be sure folly.

There is a Jekyll and Hyde aura surrounding the Savages that sets them apart from other show bands. Just when one would expect them to drag a live sheep or an unwilling member from the audience on stage for some sexual/homicidal fun — Parkoff would lead the band into a haunting instrumental with an inspired flute solo.

And just when one would think it was safe to relax, Arnsberger — sporting a pair of 98-cent Man from U.N.C.L.E. wrap-a-rounds — would stagger back onstage, chug a quick bourbon and coke, smash the glass, belch defiantly into the microphone and plunge the audience into a rock 'n' roll parody more decadent than the last.

No quarter asked and no quarter given.

Be it side-splitting comedy or pulse-pumping music — the Uranium Savages have all the bases covered.

Hopefully, for the right price and turnout, the U.S. will return to the Alamo City before members of the Houston police department or the PTL Club catch up to them. *RNR*

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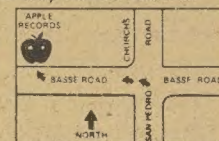


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THE BEAT GOES ON

by Clyde Kimsey



by Clyde Kimsey

The Beat is a four-piece band from California that was started last summer. Their first album cleverly titled *The Beat* came out last November. The group plays straight rock'n'roll with mid-60's influences. Their leader and spokesman is rhythm guitarist Paul Collins who writes the group's lyrics and sings them in a "real teen" voice.

The other members are Steve Huff on bass. Mike Ruiz, their drummer has played in all types of bands but most notably the New York band Milk'N'Cookies. The lead guitarist, Larry Whitman, came from L.A. and his playing credits include stints with Buddy Miles, Kim Fowley and Iggy Pop.

The Beat's big break came when they opened for Eddie Money, an early friend and supporter. At that point Money's manager, rock entrepreneur Bill Graham, signed the group. Later Money was also helpful in getting a recording contract for The Beat with CBS.

On March 22 The Beat opened for the Jam at Austin's prestigious Armadillo World HQ. I talked with Paul Collins between sets.

RNR: Do you find that the press compares you to other power pop bands like the Knack?

Paul Collins: Yes, the press has compared us to the Knack. But I feel that after the public hears us they'll judge us on what we do instead of what someone else says. I think that all the bands that survive this lumping together syndrome will eventually develop their own musical styles and the public will realize that these bands each have something different to contribute.

RNR: Do you feel that short simple power pop songs like you play will become more popular in the eighties?

PC: Yes, a new sort of music is coming along. It happens every ten or fifteen years. There's a whole generation who didn't grow up listening to the Beatles or the Stones or even Led Zepplin. They'll need new heroes and models. Even though the

"new rock" started three or four years ago, it has taken it this long for a scene to develop and become something that can be commercialized on. This doesn't mean that it's bullshit or it's tame or lame; that's up to the individual band.

RNR: But don't you feel that in the last six months an awful lot of groups have jumped on the new wave bandwagon?

PC: Sure, but it takes time for scenes to develop. It's just that three years ago these bands weren't ready.

RNR: What do you think makes a group successful?

PC: Lots of touring and determination.

RNR: Before The Beat you were in a group called The Nerves and the bass player in that group Jack Lee wrote a song called "Hanging On The Telephone" which was later a big hit for Blondie. Why wasn't it a hit for the Nerves?

PC: Debbie's prettier and Blondie was in a position to get more exposure. The Nerve really needed a good manager and producer to make our decisions and to develop our sound further. We are now happy with Bill Graham as our manager and we're playing clubs that appreciate our music, like the Armadillo. It's now one of my favorite clubs to play. People like the Armadillo's owner, people who work in record stores, record salesmen, promotion men who are enthusiastic about what's going on and support it are why the scene is now happening. I'm glad the new wave scene is catching on now because I wasn't ready for it five years ago. There are now more people that know what's going on all over the country.

RNR: How did the band get its name?

PC: I thought of it while I was parking cars at the Whiskey A-Go-Go. It started out as the Upbeat or the Downbeat, but then it just hit me. It has nothing to do with the Beatles and I'm glad the public and critics haven't accused us of stealing from them. **RNR**

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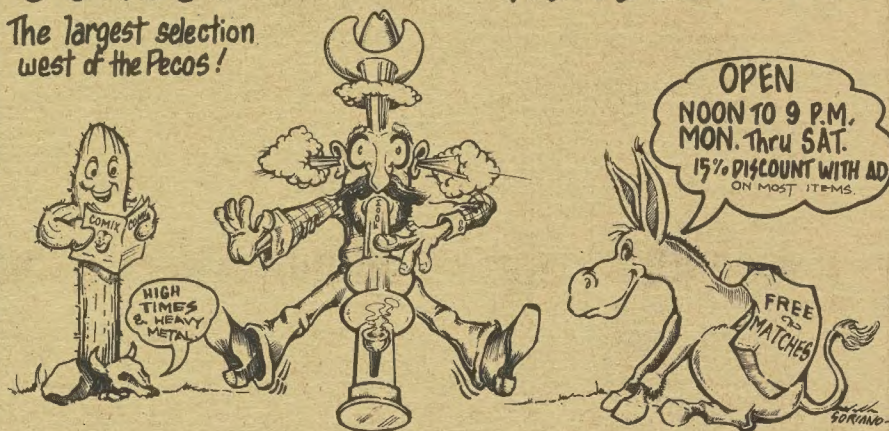
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VAN WILKS—AN '80s BAND

by Ron Young



"My band has been compared to everything from Jimi Hendrix to Karla Bonoff," jokes Van Wilks. "Music is such an emotional experience, it's difficult to tell what it must sound like to other people. But I will say this: Van Wilks is *not* a Southern boogie band. Van Wilks is *not* a New Wave band. We're an '80's band."

Known until recently as 'Fools,' this band was founded in 1974 by Van Wilks and Phil Ballinger in Austin. Other members came and went but now bassist Reggie Witty and keyboardist Doug Hall round out the band. That same year the band was discovered by ZZ Top manager Bill Ham who subsequently signed the group to a management contract in '75. Dubbed 'Fools,' they began to tour extensively and gather quite a faithful following in Austin and San Marcos. Over the years they've opened for some of the top acts in rock: Ted Nugent, Styx, Santana and Peter Frampton. They opened for Heart most recently in Austin. (The band changed their name because of a new wave band called 'Fools' coming out with their own debut Lp.)

Their debut Mercury album, *Bombay Tears*, was produced in Los Angeles by John Stronach, who previously worked with Joe Walsh and REO Speedwagon.

The album contains 11 original Van Wilks compositions. It epitomizes the rock sound that once made the group number one in Austin's *Rumour's* (now defunct) poll.

Van Wilks' innovative guitar playing has maintained a high visibility around Austin for some time, and in the process he's racked up some interesting live playing time.

He recalls, "Bo Diddley showed up at a festival outside Austin once — without his band (as always) — and I was asked to get one together for him in about an hour."

Ever casual, Bo Diddley's own instructions to Wilks were a concise "Just follow me" before show time. Once on stage, in front of thousands of people, the old master took off with some standards like "Mona", "Ride On Josephine" and then continued on with other material. Bo's playing style of open tuning made it difficult for Wilks to anticipate his playing. But he followed as best he could and was beginning to relax when, stepping aside, Bo smiled and said: "Take it, boy."

"Well," laughs Van, "everything must have been alright. He did tell someone after the show that I was a pretty good blues player for a white boy."

The Van Wilks' debut Lp, *Bombay Tears*, was the album played on the first Sound Warehouse listening party hosted by KMAC/KISS. It proved that Van Wilks is serious about their rock'n'roll.

BAND AIDS

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MAHOGANY RUSH — S.A. PIT STOP

by Paul Johnson

There are some musicians who seem illfitted for the role of a rock star. While others seem destined to stardom, as if from birth. Rock guitarist Frank Marino of the rock/blues-oriented group Mahogany Rush is one of the latter. Fans who like their guitarists to play with intensity and precision have taken to Marino in ever growing numbers ever since he first strapped on a guitar at the age of 15.

"I got into it," he said, "because I enjoyed it. Not for any other reason." His musical motivations have continued to remain just as simple as they always have: to make fan-pleasing records and entertain crowds with his performances. It's no wonder that Mahogany Rush find themselves on the brink of stardom. And with the release of the band's latest album, *"What's Next,"* Frank Marino's lifelong goals seem within reach.

It was a mutual affection for the type of music called hard rock that got the four members together in the first place. Marino, who handles lead vocals as well as all lead and some rhythm guitar; brother Vince Marino, a recent addition to the band who takes rhythm chores; Paul Horwood, bassist; and James Ayoub, drummer, all hail from Montréal, Canada, a town noted more for its hockey and folk music than for its rock 'n' roll.

"There was no intention of having a group," recalled Marino, "we just got together in a basement, fooling around. But we got a few scattered gigs and started getting serious about it. It gets in your blood after awhile, so even when we didn't have gigs, we began just setting up in parks and playing for free."

In 1971, Mahogany Rush landed a spot on the bill at the huge pop festival at the Montreal Expo. Their success on stage there led to the recording of their debut album, *Maxoom*, which received a great deal of airplay in Canada, and the follow-up, *Child of the Novelty*, an album on which Marino began to develop his own identifiable guitar style.

Mahogany Rush remained primarily in Canada until the release of their third Lp, *Strange Universe*, which was the first of the three albums to be issued in the U.S. *"Strange Universe"* did so well in the U.S. that our record company at the time (20th Century) decided to release our first two Lps," Marino recalled, "But neither of them were recorded very well and since they had never been released here, people thought they were new. It wasn't the kind of situation we wanted." Marino wisely decided to wipe the slate clean and sign with new management (Lebar-Krebs) and a new record label (Columbia).



Photo by Greg Maston



In 1976, *Mahogany Rush IV* was recorded in Canada and produced by Marino. The album represented a significant growth in his songwriting and in the band's overall recorded sound. Immediately after the album's release Frank and Co. took to the road for six months of touring. *World Album*, their fifth Lp, released in '77, found the band working with increased confidence in the studio and Marino's skills as a producer and arranger were quickly matching his performance as a guitarist.

The most successful album to date for them has been the *Mahogany Rush Live* album, from 1978. This record captures a typical Mahogany Rush concert.

The group's seventh Lp, *Tales of the Unexpected*, contains both a live and a studio side. The band liked the live sound they achieved so well they decided to make half of the album live. The other half marked the progress of the band in the studio. "On *Tales* we'd discovered new approaches toward recording that we hadn't tried before," Marino happily related. However, he was quick to add, "But that's all technical garbage anyway." Marino thinks that all good rock and roll should speak for itself without having to use all kinds of studio tricks.

The group's latest effort, *What's Next*, (which depicts the Marino brothers' car racing team) is the first studio Lp ever produced by the band as a whole. It's quite different from their others in that Frank's younger brother Vince makes his debut as rhythm guitarist. The addition gives them a fuller and heavier sound. "Vince will be touring with us now and will continue to be a band member," Frank said.

There is an abundance of blues on the new album. "Blues is my roots," Frank swore. "I used to listen to alto saxophone players in a blues context. You can learn a lot of lead lines that way."

Marino's guitar style is very close to that of the late guitar genius Jimi Hendrix and many critics in the me-

dia have claimed that Frank's identifiable sound is a blatant ripoff of Hendrix licks. He's also been accused of saying he is the reincarnation of Hendrix and a much better guitarist than both Hendrix and the late Tommy Bolan. "I dislike people criticizing my music," Marino said. "In general, I'm 90% against the media. There's that small 10% that know what they're doing, and they're fair."

As far as to the truth about the Hendrix/Bolan statements Marino roared, "No! I never said that I was the reincarnation of Jimi Hendrix. The media said that. But about the other thing, that I said," Frank smiled.

Having noticed the mounting number of nubile young female fans seemingly willing to do anything for a backstage pass I asked Frank his opinion of groupies. Laughingly he replied, "If they're real good looking I don't mind them. They do have their uses."

Before our brief interview was over I asked Marino about his future and whether after nearly 10 years of touring and recording he was ready to hang up his rock 'n' roll shoes. "I classify myself as a young veteran (25) and plan to keep going as long as I live."

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ALBERT COLLINS'

by Ron Young

It's not hard to understand the reasons for Albert Collins' ever-increasing popularity. His stage show is certainly the most dramatic in the blues, with Albert careening across the stage, using his old Telecaster like a machine gun, and almost always climaxing with the patented Collins stroll through the audience (attached to his amp by a 100-foot cord), and finally out into the street, stopping traffic and drawing hordes of passersby into the club or concert hall.

His guitar sounds like no one else's: ringing, frozen notes that seem to hang in the air, fantastically fast fingers, sudden shifts of volume and attack, setting sound against silence.

His tone and power are unmistakable, pure Texas sounds rooted in the music of T-Bone Walker, Gatmouth Brown and B.B. King, but played at an energy level that would put most rockers to shame. His voice is subtle, with a humorous, sarcastic edge and that Texas drawl combining to make him one of the great musical storytellers. The screaming guitar and laid-back vocals make Collins' music totally unique, and equally accessible to blues and rock fans alike.

Since the release of *Ice Pickin'* on Alligator Records in late 1978, Collins' career has taken a complete turnaround. Before that time, he was known mostly by a word-of-mouth reputation based on his great singles from the early and mid-sixties (like the classics "Frosty" and "Sno Cone") and his great performances, first in the Texas blues clubs and roadhouses, and later in California rock palaces like the Fillmore. Only rarely did the 48-year-old Albert venture away from his adopted home in Los Angeles, and then mostly to play up and down the West Coast.

But, in the past 18 months, Collins (who is a cousin to Lightnin' Hopkins) has played over 300 nights, barnstorming across the U.S., Canada and Europe, bringing his ultra-high energy blues to hundreds of thousands of new fans. He's headlined the Montreux Jazz Festival (where *Ice Pickin'* won the award as Best Blues LP of 1979), and the Juneteenth Festival in Houston among others. And when he wasn't playing giant outdoors shows, he was packing in audiences in clubs like the Bottom Line in New York, the Whisky in L.A. and Austin's Soapcreek Saloon. Or he was inciting dancing hordes on a double billing in London with George Thorogood.

Currently, Albert is breaking new ground. He's headlining the first ever blues tour of Greece, followed by a month in other parts of Europe.

Frostbite is Collins' new Alligator release, and if you like *Ice Pickin'* you'll love this. It's a more intense album with cleaner production and the horns are utilized better due to the punchier arrangements Bill Mac Farland does with them. Mac

COOL BLUES

Farland has arranged for and played with Curtis Mayfield and Son Seals and is fast becoming known as the finest horn arranger in Chicago.

When Albert cut his last LP, he was backed by the Aron Burton-Casey Jones Band, one of Chicago's finest groups. Since that time, the band has gone through a couple of personnel changes and spent 18 months on almost constant tour with Albert. The result is the Icebreakers, a band who have molded their music to perfectly support his unique 'cool' sound. Casey Jones, who helped produce *Frostbite* and acts as band manager, has gigged with every major blues artist in Chicago. He's a great singer, too, with an uncanny vocal resemblance to Little Richard, as anyone who's seen Collins' band at the Soapcreek can testify. A.C. Reed is considered the finest blues sax man in Chicago (and perhaps the world). He's honed his craft by playing 10 years with Buddy Guy before joining Albert in 1978. Allen Batts is really a part-time Icebreaker, because he gigs actively in Milwaukee and can only occasionally tour with Albert. He's played with everyone from Alabama Red to Lou Rawls. Bassist Johnny Gayden is one of Chicago's hottest young players. And Marvin Jackson, on guitar, played with Eddie Clearwater before joining Albert.

Oh yeah, about the songs: My favorites are "Brick" — a patented Collins supersonic shuffle, with funny lyrics, swinging horns, and powerpacked guitar.

"Don't Go Reaching Across My Plate" — Probably the first blues ever written about table manners. Hilarious lyrics, a jazzy groove, strong sax. Not your typical blues, but it should appeal to Tom Waits fans. Written by T.V. Slim, "Snowed In" — another killer Collins story-song. Smooth and slow, with wonderful piano lacing by Allen Batts. This is in the tradition of "Conversation with Collins" from the last LP. It's about trying to dig out from one of Chicago's winters, complete with funny sound effects that come entirely from Albert's guitar!

There are other fine tunes on this new one from "Albert King's favorite guitar player," but you can be the judge yourself.

Collins should be coming back through Austin soon too. Be sure you catch him if you've missed him before. For those of you who've become Collins freaks, I'll see you there. *RNR*



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FOTO FEATURES

by Robbin Cresswell



by Robbin Cresswell

Three camera bodies, five lenses, two tripods, a motor drive, two electronic flash units, seven filters, a spot meter and thirty rolls of film would be impossible to deal with if you're going to spend your vacation backpacking in the Rockies.

If you're going to be taking pictures on your trip you need to plan on how much film to buy and what equipment to take.

Let's start with equipment. Owners of 110 pocket cameras and Polaroids won't have to worry about lenses, filters and tripods. Most of the simple cameras were not made to accept these accessories. But if you own a 35mm, there are all kinds of gadgets.

To determine what equipment to pack depends on what you'll be shooting. A wide angle lens would be necessary to photograph the Grand Canyon. You need a telephoto lens to take a candid shot of a wild animal and a close-up attachment would be essential for shooting plant life at Big Bend. A wide angle lens (28mm) and a zoom lens (80-200) can be used for most picture taking on a trip. Travel light. Too much equipment can weigh you down. It could get stolen, lost or even damaged.

No matter what camera you have, a camera case or gadget bag should be used. Camera cases will protect your camera and equipment from dust, moisture and from just getting bounced around. Lens tissue and liquid cleaner and a lens brush are easy to carry and an inexpensive way to keep your camera clean.

After you've decided on the equipment, you need to purchase film. Whether you prefer slides or prints is up to you. Slide film costs more but is less expensive to process. Print film is less but costs more to develop. If your pictures will be taken outdoors in daylight on the beach, Disneyland or a national park, use a slow or medium speed film (ASA 25 to 100). To capture all the lights at night on the streets of Las Vegas or the inside of Carlsbad Caverns use a fast film (ASA 160 to 400).

Traveling the summer months can be hot. It's important *NOT* to place film in a glove compartment of a car in direct sunlight. Leave film packaged until ready to use it.

Buy film before you leave. It may be hard to find the film you use on the road. If you find it you'll be paying more for it. You can pay up to \$15 for film if you're going overseas. Be sure the film is fresh. Check the expiration date.

And last but still important are batteries. Most cameras use batteries. It would be disappointing to be 800 miles from home and find out that your batteries have eaten a hole through your camera. Have them checked. It wouldn't hurt to carry extra ones either.

Enjoy your trip and have a good time. *RNR*

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HEART OF THE CITY

by Jim E. Beal, Jr.

Heart of the City is usually about music. Not this month kiddies. Besides being beset by a terminal case of ennui I'm flat tired of writing about music. I know you know how it feels. I mean there are some days when you just can't sell another pair of wedgies, every now and then something icy grips your spine and you can't bear to look at another order of fries to go. Hell, sometimes it gets so bad your new Scorpion album doesn't even sound good.

I've reached that point. I'm just gonna bite, moan, babble and ramble this month and if you don't want to ride along you'd best jump now. I won't blame you. Really — I'm not gonna read this tripe. The only reason I'm gonna write it is Mr. Ron told me if I did he'd give me the new Hank Thompson album free for nothing and leave my name in the staff box to boot.

Incentive, the old dangling carrot routine tinged with blackmail is THE only way to slither.

Actually, I'm not really that bored, I'm just petrified. You see you'll probably be reading this travesty about two weeks from now (it's being butchered April 23 — nobody cares — I know, but think about the Hank Thompson disc — I'll buy you a damned Hank Thompson record — leave me alone — cram it you heavy-fingered oaf — m xddjs3udm-uppity typewriters are so gauche. I should never have opened it a Young Leader's Club Account.)

Anyway, it's the middle of Fiesta week-and-a-half, the S.A. Dodgers are on the road after a booty whip-pin' home stand, the Astros are playing a crucial home stand with the Reds, Pat Healy and Angelo Drossos are waging all out war on the front pages of the dailies, a hail storm wailed on the tomato plants, the Survivors are in the cellar, King Tut moved to Rosenberg, the sharecropper has to get fitted for a tux, the Missouri Madboy is due in town any minute and I went about 66 words without using a contraction or personal pronoun.

As you can see, the outlook is bleak.

So, *It's Only Rock'N'Roll* is about two years old as of this issue and if this column doesn't accomplish anything else it should show you it doesn't take anything but a lot of gall and a strong desire to make a fool of yourself in print to join us. Perhaps you've been harboring a latent urge to come out and play with us. Just read this thing again and say to yourself — "I can do better than that." Then do it and send it to us.

Now that the little push to the gigantic egos of the closet critics who think doing this crap every month is out of the way it's time to appeal to the hip capitalists without whose cash we'd shrivel and die.

Don't be put off by this gibberish. Usually I'm lucid and brilliant. I once got a journalism scholarship which I

couldn't use and 10 or 11 months out of the year I write gems of wit, wisdom and earth-shattering insight that thousands of young persons with handfuls of cash clamor to read.

That's just Heart of the City. *IORNR* is staffed by boy and girl wizards and you'd be blind fools if you didn't get on the phone to Mr. Ron and plunk down the advertising bucks. We also all have large families and they're all wealthy and will only patronize our advertisers. Ask yourselves, how you can miss. Don't answer — spend the time writing out a check to *It's Only Rock and Roll*.

Why is Willie Nelson singing "Midnight Rider?"

If the Astros score in the first inning I'll stop — I promise. If they don't I think I'll keep going 'til they do.

It appears as if summer may be coming on soon and many heads are thinking of Padre Island, the Guadalupe, Canyon Lake and other outdoorsy places. But really, put the cool and the wet and the sun out of your minds. Think about the crowds and the traffic jams and the sunburns and the sand in your shorts. People never plan ahead. They see that old Frisbee flying and forget about cutting their feet on a broken beer bottle. Remember that fine secluded spot where you pitched your tent at Canyon lake? I thought so. Remember the redneck family that took issue with your loud music and wrapped the Judas Priest eight-track around your ears? I thought not.

This summer will be worse. Take my word for it. Avoid the outdoors. Get a case of Ponmac, a sackful of Spudnuts and some Roger Miller records and spend the weekends in a fallout shelter. No tar balls there.

As the summer drags on we'll have more helpful vacation hints. Don't thank me unless you follow my advice and live 'til Sept. 1.

I've about had it children. Nolan Ryan was an expensive mistake. I'm tired of this blithering. If you're not, call sometime and you can buy me lunch and we'll babble at each other.

Congratulations to Ron, Ken, David A., Robbin, David F., Bruce, Clyde, Sharon, Frank, Nessie, all the new wierdos at *It's Only Rock and Roll*, our readers, our advertisers, and all the old wierdos who've said goodbye.

If we're lucky some Australian will buy us out this year and we can all go to law school or become security guards as we've so often dreamed of.

By the way, Jose Cruz just hit a triple with the bases loaded in the bottom of the first and, always true to my word, good-bye.

KISS/KMAC

Lou Roney, the KMAC/KISS station manager, told *IORNR* that even though the 100,000-watt station has been sold to Capitol Broadcasting of Raleigh, N.C. the hard rock station will *not* be changing formats. Capitol Broadcasting owns WRAL radio in Raleigh as well as a TV station and two other radio stations in Huntington, W.Va.



BITS AND PIECES

Good news for rockabilly fans this month. At least one (Sound Warehouse) of the local record stores is beginning to stock some excellent rockabilly reissue Lps from Europe. Since most rockabilly singles were pretty obscure even when they were new (1955-59), you're probably better off buying re-issue albums than searching for the original 45s. I speak from experience.

It's kinda sad, in a way, but rockabilly in particular and country music in general was neglected by American collectors for a long time. Cats like Gene Vincent, Eddie Cochran and Jack Scott have been deified in Europe for many years, while most Americans forgot about them as soon as their records stopped getting airplay. Charlie Feathers, Mac Curtis, the Johnny Burnette Trio and Billy Lee Riley never really caught on in the U.S. at all, yet European collectors will damn near mortgage their souls for a Charlie Feathers single on King or Meteor. That's another reason why rockabilly singles are hard to find: while American collectors were chasing down rare blues and doo-wop records, foreign collectors snuck over here in the dead of night and copped a whole shitload of good rockabilly sides.

Anyhow, there's a bit of a rockabilly revival here in America. Better late than never. Several bands are working in the rockabilly style and a few labels have been putting their efforts to wax. The newest entry is Ripsaw Records, 121 North 4th St., Easton, PA 18042 (of all places.) Ripsaw went down to Virginia last year to record a local band known as Billy Hancock and the Tennessee Rockets; somewhere or another they also found a cat named Tex Rubinowitz and recorded him, too.

By God, Billy and Tex are good! Working in an old style, be it rockabilly or blues or whatever, is not easy. If you simply copy a previous performance, what's the point? If you concentrate on the "trade-marks" of a particular style — echo-chamber vocals, hot guitar licks and a stand-up bass for rockabilly — the result is usually artificial and hollow. Indeed, Tex, Billy and the producer fall victim to these pitfalls on a couple of songs. But for the most part, they seem to have found a time

tunnel to the mid-fifties when young white musicians all over the South were inspired by Elvis and decided to cut loose and have a good time with rock'n'roll.

The point is, rockabilly fans can appreciate this stuff just as much as the "real thing" from twenty-five years ago. It *sounds* like the real thing, and that's all that matters. My favorites are Billy Hancock's *Rootie Tootie* and Tex Rubinowitz's *Ain't It Wrong*; \$2.25 each from Ripsaw at the above address, and a bargain at the price.

Games People Play

Closer to home, things are hot and heavy on the local airwaves. We're in a "ratings period" which began in April and lasts until the middle of May. This is the time when research bureaus attempt to measure the market share of all the radio stations. The more listeners a station has during this period, the higher their ratings and the more money they can charge for advertising time. That explains the KTSA gold and silver giveaways, WOAI-FM ads in the local papers, etc.

One of the more ingenious, or perhaps insidious, promotions is being staged by KTFM. You might win a whole \$1,000 dollars by taking the "KTFM Music Test". All you got to do is listen to KTFM, write down the songs they play and tell KTFM which ones you like and don't like. What's in it for you? A one-in-a-million shot at a thousand bucks, or maybe you'll win a "second prize", whatever that is. Meanwhile, KTFM gets a listener response survey at your expense.

Think about it. You'll spend at least an hour of your time listening to KTFM and writing down the songs. Then you'll fill in the rest of the survey sheet (including your age and where you live, which is very valuable information for advertising purposes); you take the thing to the mailbox and you even pay for the stamp. KTFM gets a very good survey of its audience and all it cost was a thousand bucks and some advertising space in the local papers. When it's all over, KTFM could still be playing shitty music. Remember, they went disco last year . . .

The whole thing seems to be one-sided. Wouldn't it be more fair if KTFM would pay you \$5, or maybe

\$10, for filling out the music survey? Your time is worth at least \$5 an hour, probably more. Why not give it a try? Call KTFM, or send them a postcard, and tell them you'll be glad to participate for ten dollars in cash — no drawings, no second prizes, just a piece of green paper with Alexander Hamilton's picture on it. Better yet, write down your favorite songs, send the list to KTFM and ask *them* to tell *you* if they're playing the music you like. Then you can decide to listen to their radio station . . . if you want to.

Living in the Past

KONO has not fallen into the contest game. Instead, they're heavily promoting their playlist. KONO calls itself "the station you grew up with" and has been featuring all-oldies programming on Sundays. It's basically a good idea but I have a few problems with it.

For one, I'm not sure that it's a good idea for a top-40 station to emphasize the idea of "growing up". Any dedicated rock'n'roller knows that being mature and responsible is all well and good, but "growing up" is really a plot by the powers-that-be to keep us quiet.

Also, KONO plays damned little of the music that I "grew up" with. In listening fairly often to KONO on Sundays, I don't remember a single song by Little Richard, Eddie Cochran, Carl Perkins, the Moonglows, Joe Turner, Shirley & Lee, Jackie Wilson, the Five Keys, Hank Ballard & the Midnighters or dozens of other cats from the pre-Beatles era. KONO also plays re-recordings of some 1950s hits, which is inexcusable.

And what about you folks who "grew up" here in San Antonio? KONO doesn't play any of the local heroes like Doug Sahm, Denny Ezba, the Traits, Charlie & the Jives, the Royal Jesters, Jimmy Dee, Ray Liberto, Zackary Thaks, the Elevators, Homer, Ray Doggett, the Chayns, Sweet Smoke, Sonny Ace & the Twisters, the Lyrics or Johnny Olenn & the Jokers. Not to mention regional acts like the Nitecaps, Kenny & the Kasuals, Bubble Puppy, Dale & Grace, Bobby Blue Bland, Lightnin' Slim, Jivin' Gene, Joe Barry or Cookie & the Cupcakes.

Anyone with a stack of top 10 hits and a pile of K-Tel albums can do an "oldies show", and KONO seems satisfied to take the easy way out. I'm not. Some of the records I play on KRTU's 'Backbeat' are kinda beat-up. I'm free with my opinions. Most people love it, some people hate it, but 'Backbeat' is approached with sincerity, feeling and reverence. Rock'n'roll gave me a lot, and I do my best to return the favor. A similar attitude on KONO's part would make Sundays a lot more fun.

I missed the deadline for the Readers' Poll last month. Second year in a row. Anyway, here are my choices for the 10 most memorable **singles** of the 1970s. The only criterion was that they had to have reached the top 100 charts, if only for awhile. In no particular order . . .

Lou Reed: Walk on the Wild Side

Billy Swann: I Can Help

Dwight Twilley Band: I'm On Fire
Ramones: Rockaway Beach/Locket Love
CCR: I Heard It Through the Grapevine
BTO: Takin' Care of Business
Pink Floyd: Money
B.B. King: The Thrill is Gone
Beginning of the End: Funky Nassau, Pt. 1

Steely Dan: Do It Again

And an Honorable Mention for three that missed out on technicalities:

Led Zeppelin: Stairway to Heaven

Jonathan Richman: Road Runner

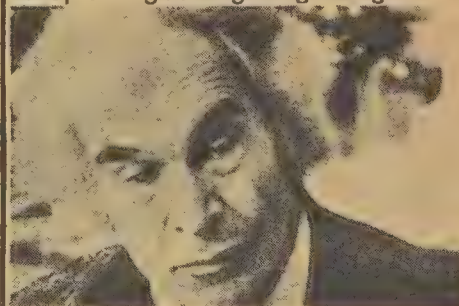
Sex Pistols: God Save the Queen.

Jazz PERSPECTIVE

by Bruce Bernardini

Many years ago, I was taken to a concert that I knew nothing about. I went really just to "fill the seat." The concert was the Dave Brubeck Quartet with Gerry Mulligan and the late, great Paul Desmond. When I listened, it was a sweet gentle sound, with a slow and steady rhythmic pattern. To my amazement, I knew that jazz had to be and is my life.

That same dream was made again, when I witnessed the miracle of Dave Brubeck's New Quartet, in the Armadillo in Austin. The setup was beautiful, with a sun-like backdrop and good lighting design.



Brubeck's first tune of the night was a blistering "Tribute to the Duke," with an outstanding sax player, Jerry Bergonzi. This man was so hot, that if you closed your eyes, you could hear the immortal John Coltrane flowing out. The rhythm section was really kickin', with Dave's son, Chris on Rickenbacker bass and a tight drummer Randy Jones, formally from the Maynard Ferguson band.

Jones did a drum solo on "Tribute to Fats Waller." His drumming was so light and masterful I could barely see his sticks move, but what came out was sheer talent and amazement. In some songs Randy played fender bass while Chris played his bass trombone.

The show, in itself, was sophisticated. Especially Dave with regular attire of his famous gray coat and black shirt. He was all smiles. The crowd was attentive also, standing ovations in almost every number. To people not listening to jazz, it's the most definite expressionism in one's life. Brubeck showed the crowd that jazz was still very much alive and still growing to those who can reach for it.

IN CONCERT



BOB SEGER April 11

Austin/UT Special Events Center by David Arthur

'Bullet' Bob Seger is the heart and soul of rock 'n' roll and after performing to a near capacity crowd at Austin's Superdome last month anyone who didn't go home a disciple was still dancing inside the 'Drum.

From the moment Seger hit the stage, he had the audience in his hip pocket.

But that didn't satisfy him. Where many performers would have been content to go through the motions, knowing that success was assured, Seger was spurred on, trying to always surpass each high point with an even greater moment.

He opened with "Feel Like A Number," his protest against loss of individuality. He then performed several of his earlier songs like "Beautiful Loser."

One of Seger's greatest assets is his sandpaper voice—it's both extremely pleasant to listen to and very expressive. Therefore, in concert, where his ballads have more immediate energy, they carry more of an impact.

After playing his anthem of sorts "Old Time Rock and Roll" the cheering crowd was ready to party.

Seger then introduced several songs from his new album, *Against The Wind*, starting with the title song. The haunting quality of the song transcended the arena. The atmosphere was suddenly very still. It had become an intimate affair.

It was Seger himself who broke that spell by doing his rousing celebration of male chauvinism, "Her Strut." Even the females went wild.

Seger did three more songs from the LP before moving up to such hits as "We've Got Tonight," and "Still the Same." Finally, he ended his set, exiting with a self-penned oldie "Katmandu."

Immediately upon the exit of Seger and the Silver Bullet Band the crowd went crazy. Matches and lighters flared, torchlighting the 'Drum. The building was literally shaking as the mob demanded an encore. After a suitable intermission, Seger obliged.

The first encore was "Night Moves," the classic ballad about the loss of innocence which made him a national star. The rendition was awe inspiring. Then he played "Hollywood Nights," a story of a midwestern boy on his own. This time the throng went over the edge as Seger & Co. left again.

For his second encore Bob did "Rock and Roll Never Forgets," and "Let It Rock," a Chuck Berry classic. During this number sax player Alto Reed took his wireless horn and went into the upper balcony ala Clarence Clemmons. The audience reacted as expected.

Then it was over. A taut sweat-drenched hour-long set. Bob and his boys left, after performing one of the most satisfying concerts I've seen. The Silver Bullet Band deserves a great deal of the credit, for although Seger was understandably the center of focus, the backing he received was excellent.

It's taken Bob Seger a long time to make it out of that midwest rock band circuit. He did it with raw talent and sheer determination, both of which are still intact as he proves with every show.



LINDA RONSTADT April 30 Austin/UT Special Events Center by Ron Young

The "queen of rock'n'roll" played to a packed house of housewives, insurance salesmen, and college kids in the throes of final exams. Whether or not Ms. Ronstadt gave the fans their money's worth is something only they can know. I don't profess to be one of Linda's fans and the night's performance failed to make me a complete convert.

Danny Kortchmar (James Taylor's former guitarist) opened the show with some songs off his new album *Innuendo*. Kootch has been around and has been waiting for his moment in the spotlight long enough.

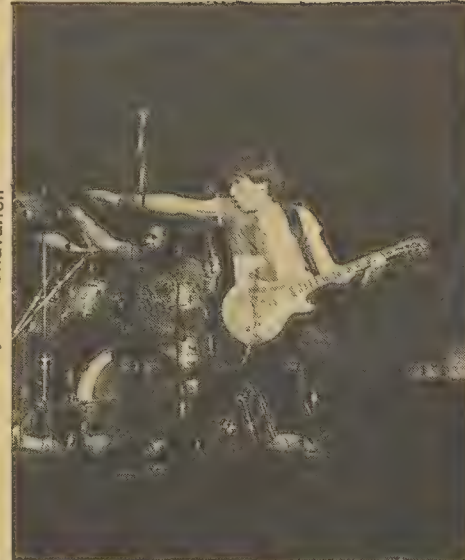
Looking like a rock'n'roll version of Robert Deniro in "Taxi Driver" he led his three-piece band through some hard-edged new wavish tunes that included "Killer's Kiss," "Betty and Her Friend," "Innuendo" — a cut seemingly inspired by the Who, an invigorating "Ego Tripper" ("about some friends of mine in L.A."), and a manic rendition of "You and What Army" among others.

I must confess now that I had only gone to this concert to see Kootch because I had liked his album so much. However, in concert he was saddled with a band that lacked all of the punch the studio band had on record. Kootch has some first rate material, the chops, and the charisma to be a star — on the Joe Walsh level — but he needs a better band.

The star-studded Ronstadt band clambored up on stage before Linda made her appearance. It consisted of members: Bob Glaub on bass, Bill Payne (formerly of Little Feat), Dan Dugmore on guitars, Kenny Edwards on rhythm guitar, super session drummer Russ Kunkel, Wendy Waldman (who records in her own right) on back up vocals, Kootch on lead, and Linda's producer Peter Asher on back-up vocals and percussion.

Finally Linda entered the spotlight to a wave of applause usually reserved for the Pope.

Looking like a punky version of a *Cosmopolitan* magazine model she jumped right into the title song from her new *Mad Love* album, which showed off Kootch's guitar prowess and Payne's keyboard work. After some Debby Harry vocal-posing Linda sang Elvis Costello's "Party Girl" (I swear the people behind me thought Elvis was Bud



Abbott's partner) with complete vocal mastery but none of the feeling of fire that the original has.

Next she made Buddy Holly spin in his grave as she butchered "It's So Easy To Fall In Love". She then turned her stainless steel tonsils to Lowell George's "Willin'" on which Payne tinkled the ivories terrifically. She finally started getting to the sedate audience, who had applauded politely after each number, with her rendition of Hank Williams' "I Can't Help It If I'm Still In Love With You" despite the plodding pace of the tune and the lackluster steel guitarwork.

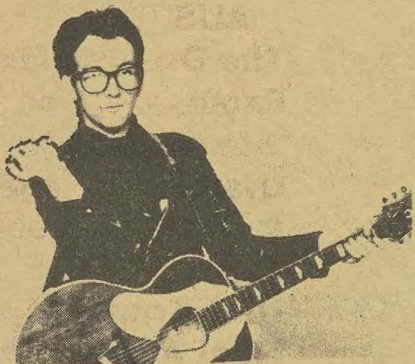
Perhaps because it was the last night of a six-week road tour that the band of hired studio guns performed rather sluggishly. But to me it was a clear case of Ronstadt being a fine singer but not an exciting performer or a good leader. She didn't seem to be getting into the music or enjoying herself onstage for almost the entire show. And I feel that she dragged the band down with her. Except for Russ Kunkel, Bill Payne, and Kootch, who kept pacing all night like a caged panther threatening to steal the spotlight and hijack the band.

However, I was dozing through a listless version of "Blue Bayou" when LR began hitting me with the first of many aces in a row. A searing cover of the nugget "Lies" by the Knickerbockers started the run followed by Costello's "Girls Talk," "Faithless Love" and "You're No Good" and ending with a rousing version of "Living In the U.S.A."

For an encore she brought them back for a version of "Heat Wave" that burned like a grass fire in March.

As the throng hustled out of the 'Drum; some of them to early morning finals, some to insurance claims deals, and still others to relieve baby sitters, I went away with mixed feelings about Ms. Ronstadt.

I hadn't really gone to the concert to gun her down in print. I think she chooses excellent song material. I also think she usually ends up botching up those same songs. I feel that she's a talented singer but an uninspired performer. I feel that she contains little believability when she sings 50% of her material. But she does have heart which, despite having very little of a rock'n'roll soul, is what won me in the end.



Elvis Costello & The Attractions/Get Happy!! (Columbia)—In response to the album title; I'm happy, Nick Love says he's happy, I'm sure CBS is happy, but is Elvis happy? You would think so, but as evidenced by the lyrics, he hasn't changed since his first Lp. Elvis is still angry!

You would think since his last album *Armed Forces* made the top 10 and went gold he might be sticking to what got him there. Which kind of sums up this Lp. No real new ground broken, just 20 songs, most of which are about his relationships with women.

That's right 20 songs! It's like a double album on one disc; and for once it's great to say "the side never seems to end!" If you're worried about the sound quality, don't because it's excellent.

As with the lyrics, the music isn't really any different from his previous Lps. There's just more of it. There are songs that sound like they could fit on each of his other Lps. "Black and White World" and "Opportunity" sound like *My Aim Is True*. "Five Gears in Reverse" and "Beaten to the Punch" could be from *This Year's Model*. The trio of "King Horse", "Possession" and "Man Called Uncle" remind me of *Armed Forces*, mainly because of the heavy use of piano.

Besides the piano, Elvis is playing guitar again, the most he's played since his first. "Five Gears in Reverse" even has a short solo! This is one of the reasons I like *Get Happy* more than his last. He seems to be more a part of the band again.

Nick Lowe's production is varied throughout the Lp with Elvis' voice mixed differently on almost every cut. And his lyrics are still first-rate.

All in all, it's a step forward for Costello: the more "mature" vocals (maybe the meeting with his hero George Jones?), and the band is tighter than ever. Maybe E.C. won't be happy 'til he's got a number 1 record. Make him happy. **Jeff Webb

The Planets (Motown) — This band has been kicking around NYC for years in one form or another and now they've finally made their long-awaited debut. It's all excellent pop rock. "Break It To Me Gently" has a great hook and guitar line. But much of it like, "Secret" and "Mile High" sounds like McCartneyesque 'cute wave'. The self-production by lead singer Steve Lindsey is some of the best I've heard from a group. Strongest cuts: "Iron For the Iron" and the reggae-ish "Lines." **RY

Fools/Sold Out (EMI) — The flood gates are open and there is now a plethora of new wave bands vying for your attention and your cash. The Fools are one of the ones worth both. "Fine With Me" is a driving rocker with a great counter melody and tight harmonies; "Sad Story" a savory ballad based on a classical melody is about boy gets girl then loses girl and is one of the best cuts here with its anthem-like guitars; "I Won't Grow Up" from *Peter Pan* is so perfect a choice for a rock'n'roll cover that I'm surprised someone hasn't done it before now. **RY

Iggy Pop/Soldier (Arista) Iggy's *New Values* was one of the high points of last year and the new *Soldier* compares favorably with it. And what a band Glen Matlock, Ivan Kral, Klaus Krueger, et al. There is some very strong material here like the kick off tune "Loco Mosquito" about the Ig's energy to burn; "Knocking 'Em Down (In The City)" a number about rapid throngs of unemployed roaming the city it's a rabble rouser for a modern French Revolution; "Ambition" sports an intriguing melody and lyric by Matlock — the Ig and he could've made a great writing duo; finally the Igman records "Dog Food" his paean to being all the way down. Overall, a must for any collection. **RY



Linda Ronstadt/Mad Love (Asylum) — With *Living In the U.S.A.*, Ronstadt began the severance of her country roots. *Mad Love* completes that severance (for better or worse there's not one song penned by J.D. Souther, Karla Bonoff or Lowell George), and signifies, for Ronstadt, the end of an era; an attitude, that had almost become an affectation. The impetus, the guiding force of *Mad Love* is what she calls "the new rock." But there is much more here. There is an air of mystery and expectation pervading the Lp which demands a reevaluation of her musical sensibilities.

This air of mystery may come partly from the fact that three of the songs here were written by Elvis Costello who, according to Ronstadt "is writing the best new stuff around." As she did with "Alison", Ronstadt gives the new Costello tunes — "Party Girl," "Girls Talk," and "Talking in the Dark" — a more romantic and less manic interpretation than does Elvis. She doesn't get lost in these songs, which would be easy for any singer to do, but neither does she command them. Her most powerful performance emerges on Neil Young's "Look Out For My Love," Chip Taylor's "I Can't Let Go," and "Justine" and "Mad Love" by Mark Goldenberg (of the Cretones), another songwriter Ronstadt's touting these days.

There is a difference in sound from the previous Lps which has to do with her selection of material and the dramatic change in her musical presence. The net result is a reformulation of the old and new Ronstadt.

**Mitchell B. Martin



Gary Numan/The Pleasure Principle (Beggars Banquet-Atco) — It was Mark Champion who first told me the name of Gary Numan and a band called Tubeway Army. I remember thinking "God, another Bowie clone" and hearing music that sounded like Kraftwerk, maybe a little better.

That was 6 months ago. There's a new Gary Numan album out and after seeing him on "Saturday Night Live" I decided to give it a listen. The Kraftwerk/electronic sound is still there though even more refined than I remembered. What had changed was Numan himself. The album contains 10 songs with one word descriptive titles like "Metal", "Cars", "Complex," and "Films". The songs contain powerful multi-level lyrics of the type that Talking Heads is now famous for.

The Bowie image is still to be seen in Numan and to be heard on the vocal tracks. It seems like every 6 months, they release a new set of Bowie clones on the world and only one in a hundred is good. So shoot the next 99 Bowies that you see. Gary Numan is at the start of a promising career.

Good lyrics, haunting music, bizarre vocals — what more can you want? There is a single of "Cars"/"Metal" available for those of you timid souls who want to take a discreet sample before totally indulging in *The Pleasure Principle*. **Scott Cupp

The Explosives/Push the Button/Black Hole Concert The Explosives, my favorite Austin band, next to Joe Carrasco, have a new EP out. Their first EP was so successful that it had to be pressed again. It even gained some acceptance on the European market. This second one ought to do even better. It starts off with a real poppy tune called "If I Touch Her." Then a guy communicates with a UFO by telepathy and goes for a ride with a little special effects. Of course, the title of this number is "UFO". "Fortress Europe" is all about the threat of computerized nuclear warfare and the arms race. It has more pop-style vocals with good harmony. "Cola Brain", with its dissonant chords and vocal line, describes the condition of a cola freak, hopelessly hooked on the carbonated beverage.

Push the Button, with its '60s pop stylings, is better than the first EP, but like the first EP, it is still not a good reflection of the way the band sounds live, which is better than the way they sound on record. **Frank Haecker

Squeeze/Argy Bargy (A&M) — The new wave band that I feel has improved with every release, Squeeze, is perhaps the most over-looked of the first wave as well. Leader Glenn Tilbrook's writing with Chris Difford is remindful of a Lennon/McCartney pairing giving Squeeze a most distinctive sound. So many excellent melodies with matching lyrics make this one of my fave Lps of the year, so far. Best: "Pulling Mussels," "Separate Beds," "Wrong Side of the Moon." **RY

Terminal Mind — These guys have done it on their first try! This 4-song EP is the best record yet from the Austin new wave scene. The song "I Want To Die Young" could be this generation's "My Generation", it's that good! The other three cuts are memorable too. TM's sound is new wave with rock overtones, somewhat like the current Buzzcocks. They recently played at Johnny B. Goode's, so check 'em out when they return. **Jeff Webb

The Motors/Tenement Steps (Virgin) — This is not so much a pop opera as it is a Broadway play and it's the best of its type since Procol Harum's album with the London Symphony. The storyline concerns the everyday problems of living in the city and all its intensity. The title song is a sweeping orchestration which features Andy McMaster's brilliant keyboard work and like the rest of the Lp the Motor's driving distinctive guitar-based sound is not impaired by the use of an orchestra but is enhanced greatly. An interesting idea that works. **RY

Van Halen/Women and Children First (Warner Bros.) — Yeah, and I hope these bozos go down with the ship. The only thing they've got going for them is an excellent lead guitarist. VH blew their wad on the first shot and the two followups have been ultimately weaker. If I want good heavy metal I listen to Motorhead. **David Arthur



Rachel Sweet/Protecting the Innocent (Stiff-Columbia) — One of last year's Stiff imports to America was Akron's Rachel Sweet and her debut album *Fool Around*. The 16-year-old heartbreaker had one of the better debuts in the year already noted for its new groups.

This year she returns, another year older, after extensive touring, with an ever better album. From the first glance at the cover, it is easy to see that *Protecting the Innocent* is wildly different from *Fool Around*. Rachel Sweet has matured past the songs of high school and the Shireles-sound that made her first album memorable. But these sounds can easily grow old. They were good for one album and now she has moved on.

The back-up band plays a much more significant part on this album. The Rachel Sweet of last year needed complete vocal dominance of every song. Now the vocals and music each play a major part in the success or failure of a song. When both are hot, the album sizzles.

There are no weak spots on the album. I rated 8 of the 12 songs at 3-3½ stars, including all of side 2. The two 3½ star songs were "Tonight" and "I've Got a Reason". Also of particular interest was "Tonight, Ricky" which has a big band beat.

Rachel Sweet reminds one of the hopes for a great future for rock. **Scott Cupp



Willie Nile (Arista)—If you liked Steve Forbert's debut 2 years ago you'll enjoy Willie Nile's as much. He comes from the same place musically — a neo-Dylan who combines folk, rockabilly and an exuberance not unlike Forbert's. You know the form by now—youth's soul on trial in the big cold city. Many of the tunes are saddled by an unneeded back-up band but the best ones are: "Behind the Cathedral," "It's All Over" and "Across the River" (his "It Isn't Gonna Be That Way.") Keep an eye out for Nile — he's too good to pass up. **RY

Gary Moore/Back On the Streets

/Jet Let's see. Why don't I like Gary Moore? Hmmm. He's a former member of Thin Lizzy and Coliseum II. He can play hard rock, blues and jazz. He plays in a style reminiscent of Jeff Back. His solo album covers all the bases and doesn't trip once. He wields a mean guitar solo without being too flashy or long and boring.

Well, damn, I guess I do like Gary Moore after all. In fact, I'd even say this is perhaps the finest 'guitar' album I've heard in three years. It never fails. Just when I'm ready to write a really scalding review along comes an Lp like this to frustrate me. **Bruce Smith

Roy Loney & The Phantom Movers/Phantom Tracks

(Solid Smoke) — The second album by Roy Loney is out and that's reason to celebrate 'cause the former leader of the Flamin' Groovies (up to the critically praised *Teenage Head*) is back better'n'ever. Last year the Movers' (ex-Groovies guitarist James Ferrell and drummer Danny Mihm along with guitarist Larry Lea and bassist Maurice Tani) recording debut was released and helped Loney garner such accolades as "Comeback of the Year" by *Trouser Press*.

Roy Loney is, like Springsteen or Nick Lowe, a culmination of rock'n'roll history and has come up with one of my fave Lps of the year. *Phantom Tracks* is better than the highly acclaimed Mover's debut album. Some of the cuts have been recorded live but sans audience noise for both high energy and clarity; "Hundred Miles An Hour", a new wavyish piece is the best example here. "You Ain't Gettin' Out" is modern rockabilly with lyrics taken from billboards along Highway '61. "Act of Love" Loney's paean to Fisco's Tenderloin district is wrapped around "Jumpin' Jack Flash"-style chords and features drummer Mihm's pulsing beat. "Don't Believe Those Lies", another live one is a Berry-Stones synthesis that rates a 10 and you can dance to it.

The album is distributed by Rounder Records and will hopefully do for Loney what Rounder has already done for George Thorogood. I dare KMAC/KISS to play this!

**RY

Are We Too Late for the Trend/Various Artists (ESR)

—The *Are We Too Late for the Trend* Lp from Dallas is the latest Punk project to come out of the big state. What trend? You ask. The New Wave trend or Texas Late Wave as it has been called. But better late than never, and it is better. *Too Late* contains some of the most bizarre and controversial tracks yet to be laid on Texas wax. Check out the cut "Karen Ann" for example, about a guy who's in love with Karen Ann Quinlin, fetal position and all, or how about "Whips and Midgets."

The Lp is a compilation of Texas Punk and New Wave by 12 different bands, most of them from Dallas. Among the more popular bands on the Lp are the Nervebreakers and the Plastic Idols who have had records out before. Some of the bands specialize in their own brand of dementia and grossness and the group names are as bizarre as the music, including the Skuds, the Vomit Pigs and the unmentionable Smegma.

This album is more daring and innovative than *Live at Raul's* although the bands might not be as popular. Innovations on some of the tracks include a sine wave generator (which makes a synthesizer type sound), great echo on Barry Kooda's "So Sorry", munchkin voices on "Whips and Midgets" and other special effects. The great live sound, done on 8-track, makes you wanna pogo all night. Side one is packed with hot rockers. Great cuts include "Rocket Rocket" by E = MC2 and "We're Not Here" by Blindate. Side 2 is a little more primitive, degenerating into free-form noise at some points.

Although the cover is somewhat crude, it matches the concept of the album and is in the true Punk spirit. **Frank Haecker



Bruce Wooley and the Camera Club/Columbia

The Buggles have scored a hit with Wooley's "Video Killed The Radio Star" and the bulk of the tunes are so memorable that even if he doesn't make it as a solo he could hit it big as a writer. Lyrically he doesn't say much but those melodies and killer hooks! So many potential hits including: "Dancing With the Sporting Boys", "Clean/Clean" and "Video". **RY

Nazareth/Malice In Wonderland/A&M

I must approach this Lp with mixed emotions. A new, mellower sound has emerged from this once totally rocker band. The frog-voiced Dan McCafferty has been transformed into a semi-melodic vocalist. However, the lyrics are redundant, and most of the music stinks. Lyrical redundancy aside, some cuts are pretty fair. Even so, I suspect the band's downfall is trying to ride the air waves as a result of the rocker-turned-mellow approach to this album. We can only hope that Nazareth will revert back to what they do best — rock and roll. **John S. French

999/The Biggest Prize In Sport/Polydor

999 has been good at making excellent singles like "Emergency" and "Homicide" but their first three Lps failed to give them an identity from other English bands of the ilk. This album has better production and is easily their best effort. All the songs are distinguishable and catchy. The sound is more clear-cut and less dense than past Lps. They've taken out some rough spots and put more rock energy into them. Nick Cash still sounds caustic and even threatening, especially in songs like "English Wipe-Out" and "Boiler". (B+)

**Clyde Kimsey.

The Stranglers/The Raven (UA/Import)

— This is the fifth and best Stranglers Lp to date and the disc won't even be released in the U.S. This is intelligent new wave at its best, from the wit of "Shah Shah A Go Go" to the awesomeness of "Nuclear Device (The Wizard of Aus)" and "Meniblack", which sounds like Alvin and the Chipmunks meeting a firing squad of Spector and Hitler. An essential classic. You'd be lucky also if you find a 3-D cover, 'cause they're rare. **Jack Kanter

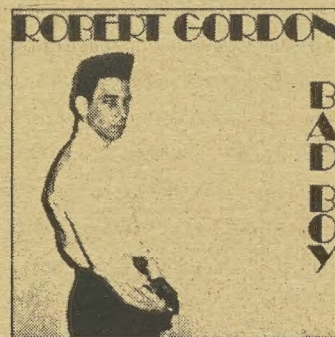
Steve Walsh/Schemer-Dreamer (Kirshner)

— This is the first solo effort by Kansas' keyboardist/vocalist. Although he is one of the band's major songwriters he has built up a backlog of material. Here's the results.

On the whole the album is excellent. The lyrics are very down-to-earth. The music isn't formulated and has none of the bombast that marks Kansas' sound, although it is remindful of them. Walsh's vocals and piano playing are excellent, especially on "Wait Until Tomorrow." **David Arthur

Triumph/Progressions of Power/RCA

A disappointment. Ted Nugent style lyrics dominate the album, and this kind of crap been done to death by The Nuge. But the music's hot as shit when they forget everything else. Rik Emmett proves just how great he is on almost every track. The next guitar god. If this band would just remember "The Blinding Light Show" and similar tricks, I'd be much happier. And they'd be much better. But it looks to be a consolidation effort and their music is much more sophisticated. Maybe next time guys. **David Arthur



Robert Gordon/Bad Boy (RCA)

This is Gordon's most modern effort to date and he's improved his lot for it and extended his recording future to boot. Up until his last Lp, *Rock Billy Boogie*, I felt he was destined to be forever trapped in that 50's milieu. The whole album doesn't have that musty smell of authenticity and there's probably more life on this Lp since his first. Faves: "Uptown," and "Need You." **RY

CONCERT GUIDE

AUSTIN

- 5 / 3—The Desires, The Explosives, Joe 'King' Carrasco, Uranium Savages, & Double Trouble/Manor Downs
- 5 / 4—UFO/Triumph/Muni Auditorium
- 5 / 6—Tourists/Opry House
- 5 / 9—999/Too Bitter
- 5 / 9—Leroy Jenkins & Oliver Lake/Dillo
- 5/10—Leo Kottke/ & Townes Van Zandt/Dillo
- 5/15 — Loudon Wainwright/Dillo
- 5/24 — Crusaders/U.T. Special Events Center
- 5/29 — Boz Scaggs/U.T. Special Events Center
- 5/29 & 30—Judas Priest/Opry House
- 5/30 — George Jones/Antones
- 5/31 — Bobby Bland & B.B.King/Antones
- 5/31—Rachel Sweet/Opry House
- 6 / 5 — Gentle Giant/Dillo S.A.
- 5/10—999/Skipwilly's
- 6/1 — Judas Priest/Arena (Unconfirmed)
- 6/14—Pat Travers/Arena
- 6/25—Scorpions/Arena

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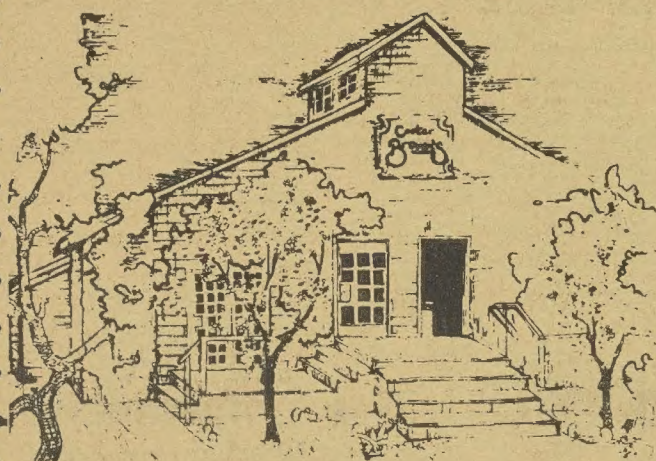
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Ibanez Bob Weir Model W/case	690.00	525.00
Hamer Crown Sunburst W/case	970.00	645.00
Rickenbacker 4001 Bass W/case	845.00	595.00
All Ovation Guitars		33% OFF

7022 Seco Creek at Market Hill
ACROSS 1604 FROM UTSA CAMPUS, 696-8551



SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				MIRAGE		
				MESSANGER		
				RAMPANT		
				PHASE IV		
				MESSANGER		

Happy Hour
3:00 - 6:00 DAILY

Cooter Brown's

San Antonio's most unique
place for entertainment
with taste.

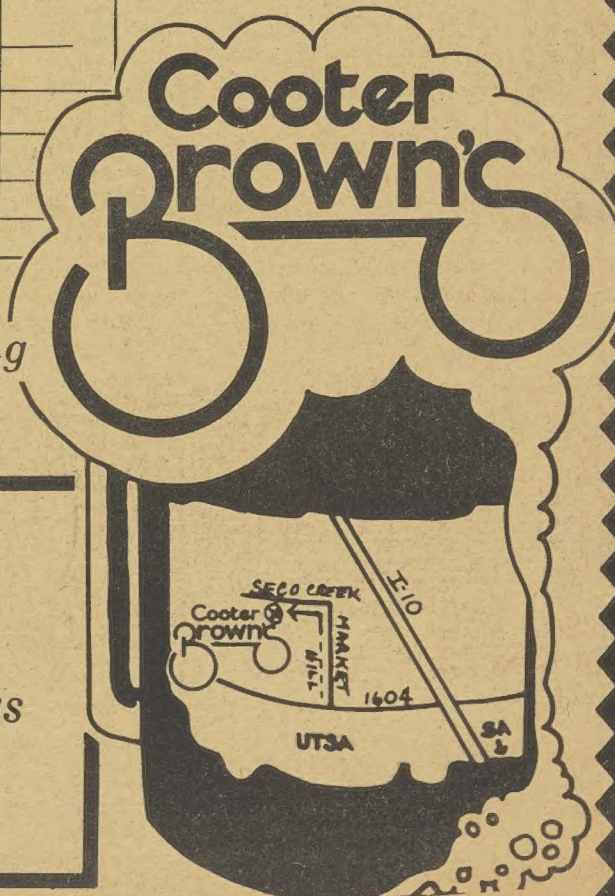
- Full Bar
- Texas-size Beer Garden
- Game Room
- Famous Cooter Burgers
Sandwiches, Nachos

April
Entertainment
Schedule

-For Your Dining
& Dancing
Pleasure

LADIES!!!

1/2 Price Cover Charge
Wednesdays & Thursdays
—Bring This Coupon—



Razzle Dazzle

2376 AUSTIN HWY. 657-3103

FEATURING
The FINEST
LIVE ROCK
MAY

HAPPY HOUR

1-7 daily
plus
specials!

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
27	28	29	30	1	2	3
←			RAVEN	DALLAS	→	
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
←	RAMPANT	→		EYES	→	
	S.A.					
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
EYES	→	PLAYTHING	→	AUTOMATIC	→	
		S.A.		HOUSTON		
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
Wicked Step S.A.	→		SECRETZ	→		
			ATLANTA			
SECRETS	25	26	27	28	29	30
	Wicked Step	→	TIGHTROPE	→		